Del., Lack. and Western R. R.

Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

SUMMER, 1886.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Glenridge—6.06, 7.17, 7.54, 8.30, 9.17, 10.37, 11.37, a.m., 12.43, 1.43, 3.23, 4.42, 5.27, 6.13, 6.37, 8.18, 9.43, 11.08 p. m. 12.37 a. m.

Leave Bloomfield—6.08, 6.49, 7.19, 7.56, *8.32, 9.19, 10.35, 11.39, a m, 12.46, 1.45, †2.35, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29, 6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, p m, 12.39 a m.

Leave Watsessing—6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 9.21, 10.41, 11.41 a.m. 12.49, 1.48, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 6.18 7.02, 8.23, 9. 48, 11. 12 p.m., 12.41 a.m.

* Does not stop at Newark.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave Barclay Street—6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30 11.20 a m, 12.40, *1.20, 2.10 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 5.30, 6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.30 p m.

Leave Newark for Bloomfield—6.20, 6.40, 7.15, 7.35, 8.44, 10.03, 11.03, 11.53, a m, 1.13, *1.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5.26, 6.06, 6.53, 7.40, 9.05, 10.38 p m, 12.08 a m

*Saturdays only.

NOTE—Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

New York & Greenwood Lake R. R.

Leave New York, foot Chambers st.	Leave North Newark.	Arrive Bloomfield.	Leave Bloomfield.	Leave Soho.	Leave North Newark.
AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM
6 00	6 42	6 49	5 37	5 40	5 44
9 00	9 33	9 39	7 06	7 09	7 14
12 00	12 36	12 43	7 56	7 59	8 06
PM	PM	PM			
2 00	2 33	2 40	8 29	8 32	8 36
3 40	4 13	4 19	8 56	8 59	9 04
4 40	5 17	5 23	10 28	10 31	10 38
			PM	PM	PM
5 10	5 44	5 50	1 38	1 41	1 45
5 40	6 17	6 23	3 18	3 21	3 25
6 20	6 37	7 03	4 54	4 57	5 01
8 00	8 33	8 34	6 34	6 37	6 41
	AM	AM			
12 00	12 31	12 38	9 28	9 31	9 35

Sunday Trains from New York, 9 00 A M and 7 45 P M. Sunday Trains from New York, via Orange Branch, 8 45 A M, 1 30, 5 00 and 9 15 P M. Sunday Trains to New York, leave Bloomfield at 8 08 A M and 7, 12 P M.

LEFT IN CHARGE.

When Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent went to the country she confided the care of her town house to a young servant named Ellen. She really had no choice in the matter, because the girl had no home to go to; otherwise she would have preferred to leave some one more experienced instead of her, Ellen being only 18 and not particularly bright for her age. Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent hesitated for a long time; not whether she was morally justified in leaving a young, inexperienced girl alone in a gloomy London house for several weeks exposed to temptation which the weariness of solitude would only render more alluring, but whether Ellen would take proper care of the house and furniture. Could she be trusted to keep the windows locked and the doors bolted; to warn off area sneaks, and, above all, to remain in the house like a faithful sentinel, ever vigilant and alert? This was the anxious problem which vexed Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent's soul; the other aspect—the idea of danger to the girl and of moral responsibility to herself—did not occur to her mind in a serious light. At all events, having after mature deliberation arrived at the conclusion that the house would be safe under the girl's charge, she felt no qualms of conscience on the subject of the girl herself.

Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent departed then for her autumn holiday with her mind full of cares as usually, but untroubled by any misgivings about Ellen. She had given the girl a good lecture and fully believed that she was trustworthy. It never entered her head to speculate whether she would be dull or nervous, or how she would manage to get through the day without a soul to speak to. The latter reflection, perhaps, would not have been superfluous, as Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent had taken care to leave her enough work to do to occupy every single moment of her time.

It was not until the evening of the day on which the family departed that Ellen began to experience a vague feeling of discontent and uneasiness. As she went over the house to close it up for the night, the gathering darkness, the unaccustomed silence, the resounding echo of her heavy footsteps on the uncarpeted floors, the strange shadows thrown by the street lamps into the deserted rooms, and above all the sudden sense of loneliness, startled and dismayed her. Her mistress had inquired of her, as matter of form, whether she was nervous, and the girl had answered in the negative, not in the least understanding the real meaning of the word. But she crept up stairs to her room that night on tiptoe, instinctively holding her breath, and starting with alarm at the creaking of the stairs and the rustling of her gown against the banisters. For the first time in her life she realized the misery of a sleepless night caused by sheer nervousness and fright.

When daylight arrived and she set about her work Ellen was inclined to scoff at her fears, which she now regarded as foolish and groundless. But sixteen hours of scrubbing and cleaning did not restore her shaken nerves, and when darkness came her uneasiness revived. Naturally after some days she grew more accustomed to her lonely vigil; and by degrees she contrived to obtain a few moments of rest and sleep. But her senses were ever keenly on the alert, and hardly a night passed without its alarming incident, due to some sudden and unexplained sound in the deserted house. She was perpetually haunted by the dread of thieves and burglars, and this so preyed upon her mind that her health soon became seriously affected.

Unfortunately, the rules and regulations laid down by her mistress for her guidance only made matters worse. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent in ordering the work she wished to be done during her absence neither anticipated nor desired that the whole of it would be accomplished. If so, she overlooked the fact that stolid conscientiousness was a characteristic of the girl Ellen, who religiously performed day by day the task allotted to her. Hard work, as we all know, is the most efficacious medicine for ennui; but work unrelieved by any kind of relaxation soon becomes a severe strain. Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent's most peremptory direction was that Ellen was on no account whatever to leave the house, and to obviate the necessity for this she made arrangements for the girl's daily allowance of provisions to be delivered at the door. The consequence was that from one week's end to another Ellen breathed no fresher air than found its way in at an open window, and saw no more of the outer world than was visible from the house. No wonder, therefore, that her spirit drooped and her strength flagged, while marked melancholy took possession of her.

At length one evening Ellen received a communication from her mistress relative to an expected letter, which was to be forwarded to the country by the next post. The letter had duly arrived, and in obedience to orders the girl directed the envelope and shilled forth immediately to dispatch it. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, and it was the first time she had been outside the door since the family had left. The fresh air, laden though it was with dust and smoke of the London streets, seemed strangely invigorating, and the noise and bustle of the traffic and the talk and laughter of the passers-by affected her as they might have done a person just awakened from a long and weary dream. She was at once dazed and delighted, and having posted her letter she lingered a moment at the corner, almost intoxicated with pleasure and wonderment at the unaccustomed scene.

As she thus stood gazing about her, open mouthed, she was politely accosted by a well dressed young man who was lounging against a lamp post smoking a cigar. Now Ellen was by no means addicted to making promiscuous acquaintances among the opposite sex. She was, as we have said, a plain, unattractive girl, and as no one had ever attempted to flirt with her she was entirely innocent of any desire to court admiration. On any other occasion she would doubtless have responded to the greeting of this young man with scant civility but she could not resist the temptation of exchanging a few words with somebody after her solitary existence of the past three weeks. The young man addressed her so civily and respectfully, and was evidently such a superior young man—for he wore a black coat, and had a ring upon his finger and a gold chain across his vest—that the girl's habitual reticence vanished and she entered into conversation with him, in course of which he displayed a highly flattering appreciation of her condescension. She made no objection to his accompanying her to the door of her master's house, and after nearly an hour's pleasant chat they parted in the most amicable manner, with an understanding that the young man might by chance be passing that way about the same hour upon the following evening.

This simple adventure was an important event in Ellen's life, for it awakened in her breast the first gleam of romance and sentiment that she had ever experienced. The young man's words had sounded like soft music in her ears and had stirred up the dormant tenderness of her nature. He had not made love to her, as she understood the word, there had been no attempt at coarse horseplay which passes for gallantry among her class. But he had listened with interest to her artless remarks, had told her frankly his position and prospects and had pointedly inquired whether she was "keeping company." This was quite enough to send the girl blushing and giggling to her looking glass, there to gaze with newly awakened interest at her homely face, after which she spent an anxious but happy evening turning over such tawdry bits of finery as she possessed and fashioning them for the adornment of her uncomely person with the ardor and hopefulness of a society beauty preparing for conquest.

The young man came the next evening and the evening after that, in fact, for a whole week he presented himself at the door as regularly as the clock struck 9 to be received by the girl with increased assurance and regard. Deliriously extravagant as the prospect seemed in sober moments, his marked attentions left no room for doubt that he contemplated inviting Ellen to share the proprietorship of the snug wayside public house which he talked of buying. Such a future exceeded the girl's wildest dreams of worldly prosperity, not to mention the pride and happiness of securing the life long affections of the fascinating young man. The only drawback to her perfect bliss was that her duty to her mistress compelled her to wound her lover's susceptibilities by what he appeared to regard as a want of confidence. It must be confessed that a doorstep in a public street is not a romantic or convenient spot for a trysting place, and the mildest flirtation under such circumstances is apt to attract attention. The young man was evidently sensitive upon this point, and frequently pressed Ellen either to admit him into the house or to accompany him for a walk along the streets. But the girl, true to her trust, notwithstanding that she regarded her admirer with every sentiment of honest respect and admiration, could not be persuaded either to leave the house or to permit him even to set foot inside the door. It is hardly surprising that the young man failed to appreciate this conscientiousness, especially as Ellen could not give expression to the strong, innate sense of duty which enabled her to resist his persuasion and blandishments.

However, this trifling misunderstanding never assumed the proportions of a quarrel, and therefore did not interfere with the girl's new born happiness. The young man one evening gave her a present of a pebble brooch, accompanying the gift with a few meaning words which thrilled Ellen's soul, for they might fairly have been interpreted into a downright proposal of marriage. Unfortunately a policeman, who happened to pass by just at that ecstatic moment, evinced most inopportune and unreasonable curiosity at their proceedings and paused to watch them. This caused them to separate somewhat abruptly, and Ellen retired to bed in a state of suspense which would have been absolutely maddening if she had really entertained the smallest doubt on the subject of her lover's intentions.

After a wakeful hour spent in delightful anticipations as to what the morrow would bring forth, she fell into a blissful slumber with the pebble brooch grasped firmly in her hand. Suddenly in the middle of the night she started up wide awake, with loud beating heart and trembling limbs. She was not conscious of having been aroused by any sound, though such was doubtless the cause of her alarm, for as she listened a cracking noise as of splintering wood fell distinctly on her ears.

Thieves! Burglars! This was her first and natural suspicion, but now that the dreaded moment which for weeks past she had shuddered to think of had arrived her personal fears were overcome by an instinctive desire to save her master's property. Without pausing to consider or reflect, she rushed from her room and frantically commenced to descend the stairs. After a few steps she was seized with a sudden spasm of alarm, and at the same instant—so strangely does the brain work in moments of excitement and danger—she perceived that she still held in her hand the pebble brooch which her young man had given her. Impulsively she raised it to her lips and kissed it; and the action seemed to renew her strength and courage.

Her intention had been not necessarily to confront the burglars but to raise an alarm; and with this object she directed her steps toward the street door, for in her fright and agitation she never thought of the windows. When she reached the lower hall, however, her attention was attracted by a light in the dining room, and she walked straight in almost involuntarily. At a glance she saw that the place had been ransacked; the doors of the sideboard were open and its contents scattered about, and in a corner were two men, one holding a candle while the other was reaching out a variety of objects from the cupboard.

Before she could utter a sound the man with the candle glanced over his shoulder and caught sight of her. He seized his companion by the arm, starting violently. The latter at once turned round, and as the light fell upon his face Ellen with horror and amazement recognized her young man!

"What are you doing here?" she cried.

"Never mind, my dear; you be off to bed," replied the young man soothingly.

"You've no business here," she returned.

"Yes, we have; and we are just adoing of it," said the second man, with a grin.

"Come," said Ellen's young man, in a peremptory tone, "this ain't no affair of yours. There is nothing to be afraid of. Leave us alone and go to sleep again."

"Richard, you ain't agoing to take them things?" said the girl, with a strange, sickening feeling at her heart. "Go away—for my sake!"

"But I am going to take 'em," replied the young man, looking at her coldly and defiantly.

His tone and manner were a revelation to the girl, and she winced as though she had received a stab. Like a flash of light the truth burst upon her that the young fellow's attentions and protestations had been false. She realized his motives, and recalled to mind how she had innocently furnished him with information as to the contents of the house and the position of the articles of value. The fact that he was then occupied in rifling a cupboard which contained plate and silver showed that he had profited by his opportunities.

"I'm agoing to take 'em, so you'd best make no bones about it," continued her young man, eying her savagely as she stood staring at him in speechless distress.

"You mustn't! They ain't yours! They are my master's!" cried the girl, suddenly recovering her senses.

Impelled by the thought of her master's interest, Ellen advanced as she spoke and seized a bundle which stood on a chair ready to be carried off. At the same moment her young man put his hand upon it, and his eyes—stern, wrathful, glittering—looked dangerously into hers.

"Leave it!" he whispered hoarsely. "Leave it, or by——"

"Help!" cried the girl, uplifting her voice in sheer terror at his threatening aspect.

No sooner had she uttered a single cry than she felt herself seized fiercely by the throat, and simultaneously a heavy blow which seemed to crash into her brain caused her to fall senseless with a dull thud upon the floor.

When the girl recovered consciousness she could not at first recollect what had happened. By degrees she perceived that she was not in her own room and was lying upon bare boards. This discovery caused her to grope feebly about in the dark with her hands, which presently encountered a spill box of matches. With languid movements she raised herself and struck a light, whereupon she remarked with mild astonishment that she was in the dining room. Observing a candle on a chair close by her, she contrived to get near enough to apply the match to it. Then, as the feeble flame grew stronger and ceased flickering, she gazed vacantly around her upon the open sideboard and the cupboard and the numerous odds and ends of things which were scattered about the floor.

Suddenly, with a thrill of horror and alarm, she realized the significance of the scene, remembered that the house had been broken into, that she had encountered the thieves, and that—the fatal recollection seemed to turn her blood to ice—her young man was one of them!

Slowly and painfully, for she was so weak and giddy that she could hardly stand, the girl dragged herself up stairs to her room and commenced to dress herself, with the idea of fetching the police. But by the time she issued forth from the house she had forgotten what her mission was; the combined effects of the blow, the anguish of having contributed to the robbery, and the shock caused by her young man's infidelity, had set her mind wandering. She stood for a moment aimlessly upon the doorster until startled by a glimmering reminiscence of what had occurred. This sufficed, however, to make her hurry off, panic stricken and horrified, neither turning to the right nor to the left, but plunging straight forward headlong in the darkness, each moment growing more frantically agitated, until she found herself upon a broad bridge, the lights upon which were reflected in the smooth, gliding surface of the swift running river below.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent was very much upset the next morning at receiving an intimation from the police that her house had been found deserted after having, apparently, been burglariously entered. She came up to town by the first train, entirely convinced that the girl Ellen was a traitor or thief, which is her firm conviction to this day. How else was the girl's disappearance to be accounted for but by the supposition that she had eloped with some male accomplice? To be sure she had left some rags of clothing and her boxes, but what were these compared with the heavy booty she had secured. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent had taken the precaution to send away nearly all her plate and valuables, so that her loss was comparatively trifling. But she made none the less of it for that, though she averred that she was chiefly distressed and grieved by the heartless ingratitude of that girl Ellen, who had always been treated with every kindness, consideration, etc.

And the girl has never been heard of since, only one day a policeman called upon Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent to say that the body of a young woman quite past recognition had been discovered in one of the lower reaches of the river. In the rigid hand of the poor corpse was found a common pebble brooch, and the police wished to know whether it had belonged to her girl, Ellen, who had disappeared. Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent, glancing at it with a shudder, declared she had never seen it in Ellen's possession, and the servants said the same; so it was evident that the melancholy relic afforded no clew to the girl's fate.—London Truth.

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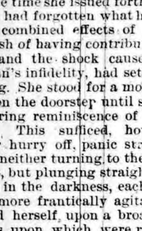

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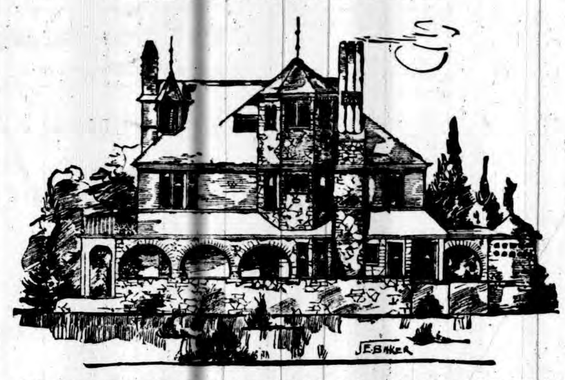

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